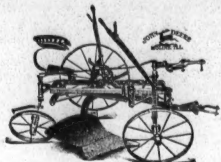


THE CHRONICLE.

VOL. I. NO. 17.

CROSSFIELD, ALBERTA, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 15, 1908.

PRICE \$1 A YEAR.



A Popular Plow At Popular Prices.

ARE you interested in the carriage trade? If so we can give you a price that will put a smile on your face.

The Fairbanks Gasoline Engines and Windmills are right So are Prices at—

SUTHERLAND & McKAY'S.

Advertise in the Chronicle

LUMBER! LUMBER!

Lumber has taken a drop in the Mountain Mills and so the
**CROSSFIELD LUMBER
YARD**

Has dropped prices to keep in touch with the times.

NOW Is the time for Everybody to **BUILD**

The price of lumber is right to suit the builders.

**STUDEBAKER WAGONS
For Sale at Reasonable Prices.**

GEO. BECKER, Prop.

Spring Goods

Are

Coming in Daily.

Hats.

Gent's New Pitt Hats in newest and latest patterns in stiff, telescope and crush are now in stock. We are also putting in a special line of Ladies' Hats ready-to-wear.

Waists.

Ladies' Waists in the latest patterns in three quarter length sleeves, at prices you cannot resist.

Gloves.

Ladies' long gloves in silk and kid are now on hand. Also dress gingham, muslins, Organdies and Cashmeres.

We invite your careful inspection of
Goods and Prices.

Ontkes & Armstrong.

Important Land Sale Made.

R. L. Boyle Buys Late Dr.
White's Farm of 960 acres.

One of the most important land sales that has been made in this district recently was consummated on Thursday.

For some time past negotiations have been under way between the trustees of late Dr. White and Mr. Russell L. Boyle for the sale of the section and a half of land held by the trustees for the heirs of the late doctor.

The outcome of the negotiations has been that the 960 acres were on Thursday transferred to Mr. Boyle.

The property, which has been for about two years under the care of Mr. R. S. Peacock, is only about a mile and a half from town and is an exceedingly fine one. Mr. Boyle is fortunate indeed in securing it, as it is exceedingly well improved and has fine buildings, being considered to be of the finest in the country. About 100 acres are now in fall wheat which is showing well. The property may be set down to be worth in the neighborhood of \$30,000.

Alex. Gilchrist has just disposed of his quarter section seven miles south-west of town to Ed. Michel.

Mr. Cameron on Thursday disposed of the late of the town lots which he had for sale to Alex. Gilchrist, who having sold his farm, thinks of building a town resort for himself. Messrs Hultgren & Davis negotiated the sale.

Seeding General.

Seeding is now in progress in all directions and to all appearances this is going to be Alberta's best year yet. Much seed is being put into cultivation and more care exercised in the choice of seed grain than ever before, so that for quantity of crop and quality of grain to be harvested this year, we may well look for every previous record being broken.

Walter Landymore has put in about 72 acres of oats already.

Will Stafford is another who is energetically working on his land. He has seeded 21 acres now.

Geo. Landymore reports his fall wheat to be looking nice and green and prospects look decidedly pleasing to him.

H. Yake who lives eight miles north of town has a field of fall wheat, which when examined on Saturday was showing up remarkably well and giving promise of a bumper crop.

Cochrane Quarantined.

The town of Cochrane is under quarantine for small-pox. Such was the information handed out on Saturday by travelers off the train from the west, and confirmed by Chief of Police English, Calgary.

It seems that some days ago a number of cases of the contagion broke out in the flourishing little town in Western Alberta and that the disease not having been given the usual precautions, rapidly spread throughout the whole vicinity, so the town of Cochrane was quarantined and "shut up" for a period of time.

The trains about through Cochrane, stopping for neither passengers nor mails and leaving that community with nothing new.

We understand that three Commercial Travellers are among those in the quarantined town.

The strict quarantine which has existed in Cochrane for the past few days has now been lifted.

Queen Helena of Italy is a stamp collector. This fact was learned when the Postal Congress was held in Rome. The American Ambassador has since presented the Queen with a complete collection of United States postage stamps, sent by the Post Office Department with the approval of President Roosevelt.

Local and General.

Interesting Items Regarding
Crossfield and Elsewhere.

Sunny Alberta!

Watch Crossfield Grow.

See Weber's new suits and buy.

Studebaker wagons at Becker's.

The finest suite ever shown. Weber's.

Stereopticon Exhibition on Good Friday.

The Morning Albertan on sale at this office.

General Booth celebrated his seventy-ninth birthday last week.

The Albertan can be obtained daily at the Chronicle office.

An entertainment will be given in the O and A. Hall on Friday 17th inst.

Methodist Sunday School is held at 2.30 and a preaching service at 3.30 every Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Hutchins, from Montana, arrived in town on Wednesday night on a visit to Mrs. Quinn, his sister.

After a year's absence Mr. H. Schulz has returned here from B. C. He is going out to his land west of town.

Subscribes at once, Chronicle for the rest of the year for 50 c. After the 21st inst. the old rate \$1.00 a year will be charged.

G. W. Boyce is receiving a large consignment of picture frames from Winnipeg and expects to be able to supply all wants in this line.

Mr. Harold Cameron, of Winnipeg, arrived on Thursday on a visit. He will remain for the wedding of his brother James Cameron, manager of the bank here.

If you want Canada's best papers take The Weekly Free Press, The Montreal Herald and Star and The Crossfield Chronicle. The three together for only \$2.00.

Messrs. Hultgren and Davis have just got a fine new type-writing machine of the latest Remington make. They are now undertaking any work that may be required on that machine.

A meeting of the patrons of the Creamery is to be held on Saturday April 18th at 7 p. m. Mr. Marker, the dairy commissioner, will deliver an address and contract for the drawing of cream will be let.

The government have decided to cancel the name Prince Rupert as the name of the townsite on the Skeena River owned by Mr. Kane and to grant registration of the name to the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Co.

Mr. D. A. MacCrimmon has just received a second consignment of high grade buggies. The first lot did not remain on hand very long and if you wish to get one of these you should not delay calling on Mr. MacCrimmon.

Mr. Burkholder who has taken the contract to grade the road through the slough to the south of town, on Monday purchased a fine team to be used in this work. The weight of the team is 3,220 lbs. and it was purchased from D. A. MacCrimmon.

In order to immediately increase our circulation we have decided, for ten days only, to make a specially attractive offer to the public. For Fifty Cents we will send the Chronicle to any address in Canada for the balance of the year. Remember the name must be received during the next 10 days.

Mr. G. T. Primrose Gray, of Innisfail, arrived on Wednesday to take over the management of the Canadian Bank of Commerce branch here, during the absence of Mr. Cameron, who will be away for two or three weeks after his marriage with Miss Hall Brown, which takes place on Tuesday next.

Mr. Lee returned to town on Wednesday afternoon. He has arranged to go into a deal for the purchase of a bunch of horses is considerable, especially further north as so many are required on railway and other work.

Methodist Church Sale of Work.

The Ladies' Aid Provides an
Excellent Entertainment

The Ladies Aid of the Methodist Church surpassed all previous efforts in the entertainment line on Tuesday. They had undertaken to raise some money to assist in paying for the parsonage building and got up a sale work, supper and good programme to assist them. The hall was tastefully decorated and the supper served was deserving of all the praise that can be given it.

The young ladies are to be congratulated on the part they took in the work. The tables were under their charge and the young ladies took great pains to have them laid in a stylish fashion. Each table being decorated in different colors and the young ladies themselves wore the colors of the tables they served at. The following were the ladies who took charge of the tables—Misses Wilson and Smart, L. Colling and M. Charters and Misses Blise and McKay.

Want of space will prevent us from saying much about the programme. It was well rendered all through and we will not try to give any one item special praise over another. The quilt on which the ladies had expended considerable time was knocked down to Mr. Thomas for \$7 by Auctioneer Armstrong.

The following is the programme that was rendered—

Instrumental solo, Mrs. J. H. Johnston.	Solo, Geo. Oldaker.
Solo, Mr. Patterson.	Recitation, Mr. Chas. Bliss.
Solo, Messrs Colling.	Male Quartette, Messrs Colling, Blise, Thomas and Oldaker.
Instrumental Duet, Misses Louise & Edna Colling.	Solo, Mrs. A. McCrimmon.
Solo, Mrs. W. McCrimmon.	Solo, Miss Edna Colling.
Recitation, Mr. B. Thomas.	Male Quartette, Messrs Colling, Blise, Thomas and Oldaker.
Recitation, Della Boothby.	Mixed Quartette, Misses Colling and Donnie Blise, Messrs Blise and Oldaker.
Musical Anters, Messrs Colling, Blise, Thomas and Oldaker.	Male Quartette, Messrs Colling, Blise, Thomas and Oldaker.
Sale of Quilt.	

A number of plates and other articles were left at the hall when the entertainment was over and it is requested that the owners call at Mrs. Jones' and claim their property. Those who bought plates will please return the plates to Mrs. Jones.

FARMERS ORGANIZE.

A Farmers Association has just been organized at West Brook. The meeting was held in the school-house and was well attended. M. L. Boyle delivered an address dealing with matters of interest to the farming community and afterwards the platform of the association as adopted in several other places, was adopted for the West Brook association. The office bearers elected were—President, Mr. Weatherhead; Vice Pres. Mr. Boncher, and secretary J. T. Boncher.

A Rare Bank Note.

There was presented at the office of the Ogilvie Flour Mills Co. Montreal the other day in the ordinary course of business a very rare bill. It was a Bank of Montreal note, issued April 3rd in the year 1892, dated at Quebec, for 25 shillings (\$5), the shilling being figured on the basis of York shillings. The bill came from a merchant on the Island of Montreal, one of whose relatives died recently and among whose effects was a sum of money which he had been saving from boyhood and hoarding away, the note in question being among the savings.

An illustration of the fallacy of hoarding money away it may be said that the loss in interest on this \$5 note if compounded annually at 6 per cent has amounted to \$133.

BOWSER THE "ANGEL"

Writes Play and Urges Manager to Put It on the Stage.

BALKS AT GIVING UP \$1,000.

Barrel of Prunes and the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky Are Features of the Production—Talks It Over in a Saloon.

[Copyright, 1907, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.]

From 3 o'clock the other afternoon, when Mrs. Bowser received a telephone message from Mr. Bowser to have dinner half an hour ahead of the usual time, to half past 5, when he came home, she was fretting and worrying as to the reason. He had refused to make any explanations over the wire. He might be going to invest in a traveling side show for the winter or have decided to head an expedition to the north pole in person. Some one might have sold him a new thing in folding beds or he might be going to invest in somebody's headache cure. She must simply wait his arrival to find out. He was home at the minute he said he would be, and instead of keeping her on the anxious seat he led right off with:

"I suppose my message mystified you somewhat, but I could not give things away over the phone. Mrs. Bowser, be prepared to be astonished."

"I am always prepared," she replied.

"I think I have struck the biggest thing of a lifetime. In fact I know I



"THE PRUNES ARE EMPTY OUT ON THE STAGE AND A YOUNG GIRL HEADED UP BY A BARREL."

have something was thrown at me today in which there is barrels of money, and it's a dead sure thing."

"Is it a chicken farm?"

"Not on your life."

"Going into the dairy business?"

"Not at all."

"I saw in the papers this morning that some one had invented a cure that could be extended to reach the twenty-fifth story of a building and yet be soaked up and carried in the vest pocket. Have you been interested in that?"

Not interested in Fakes.

"I am not in the ladder business, nor am I wasting time on other fakes. Mrs. Bowser, I came home one evening last winter and started in to write a play. Perhaps you will remember the occasion?"

"Yes, I do."

"The scene of the play was laid in Bagdad, in order that Bagdad curtains might be used to dress the stage at the least cost."

"Yes."

"The second act took place in Kentucky, in order that we might use the Mammoth cave without having to move it."

"I remember."

"The third act shifted to Turkey again. We wanted to show a barrel of Turkish prunes. In fact, the prunes are emptied out on the stage and a young girl headed up in the barrel."

"The fourth and last act is laid in a garage in this city. Garret is right at hand when wanted. I had all these things in the play, and yet you condemned it. You said it was a dead failure because I had the heroine open a can of tomatoes with a hairpin."

"It was not that alone, dear," replied Mrs. Bowser. "You are not an actor. You don't go to the theater once a year. You know nothing whatever of stage business. It would be utterly impossible for you to write a play. I was sorry to tell you so, but I felt it to be my duty. I hope you don't think of wasting any more time."

"No, ma'am, I don't," he replied, with a grim smile. "Permit me, if you will, to announce the fact that after you got through tearing my play to pieces I went ahead and finished it without another word to you, keeping the manuscript at the office. I never

thought of the matter again. I had the can of tomatoes opened by the trembling hand of the dying heroine. The play was finished last week."

"But I should have thought you would have said something about it."

"Not a word. Not a thing. You had said that to me, to get the most kind of a failure—that it would be grieved off the stage. I could look on no sympathy and encouragement. You say you believed in the play. I believed that the Mammoth cave and that can of tomatoes would make the bit of the decade, to say nothing of the harvest of prunes. I believed it, but kept still until I could spring a surprise on you."

"I see. And now you are ready to spring one?"

"I am. Today a theatrical manager who had somehow heard of my play called at the office and asked for the privilege of glancing over it. In just twenty minutes by the wire he announced that it was a corker. In twenty-one minutes he announced that it would create the sensation of the season. A minute later he said that he must have it at any price. You had condemned the play. You had told me to toss it, and yet here was a manager of thirty years' experience who said that it was a play to make me rich and famous. You can thus see what your criticisms amounted to."

"And what are you going to do?" asked Mrs. Bowser.

"What manager with brains would do under the circumstances. The play is going out on the road at once. We shall give the order for the scenery and the lithographs tomorrow. He is going to try and engage Lillian Russell for the star part. She has to be in the empty prunes barrel in the third act, but he says she won't mind the chucking if she's getting \$200 per. He will be here within an hour to talk over final details, and if you have anything to say you can say it now."

"Then I want to say that the manager is probably making a fool of you."

"W-b-a-t!" exclaimed Mr. Bowser, jumping from his chair.

"That manager has taken you for a soft mark."

"Mrs. Bowser, do you realize what you are saying? Have you the least idea who you are talking to?"

Jeered at His Play.

"I don't want to hurt your feelings, but I must say again that it was a play. In fact, it was a play for all. You might try for a million years and not find any reputable manager to read more than a page of the manuscript. Now, then, for heaven's sake, don't let some body else's fool you. He simply wants to get some money out of you. He's coming here this evening to ask you to back the play. If you do, you will lose every dollar you put into it."

"And this to me—to me!" gasped Mr. Bowser as he stared at her and winked at his eyes. "You are my wife, and yet you talk that way to me. It's not a good play. The manager takes me for a fool. He wants to do me up."

"There is an awful silence lasting for a minute. Just how Mr. Bowser would have broken loose and just what damage he would have done were he not known. He was drawing a long breath and getting ready for a move when the doorbell rang, and he passed down the hall to admit the manager. Two seconds later he had clapped on his hat and taken the manager's arm, and they were walking up the street together."

Mr. Bowser suggested that they sit down on the steps of the church and talk it over.

The manager suggested that they go to a saloon and talk while sipping their beer.

They went to a saloon.

The manager ordered the beer, and the bartender collected the dime of Mr. Bowser as a matter of course. One—two—three beers. One—two—three dimes. Then the manager said:

"It's a corker. It's a daisy. It's a play that is going to knock 'em all silly. It will draw the people by the millions. Two more beers, please. Yes, Bowser, we have got a gold mine. I can't understand how you got the idea."

"Oh, it just came to me," was the modest reply.

"Well, it will be worth a cool million to you. Ain't you thirty and a half, sir, a cool million. We can't get Lillian for the part. She says she can't bear the smell of prunes, but there doubtless be no trouble in finding a hundred others to take the part. Ah, two more beers! All you have to do is to put \$1,000 into the play and it's there."

"But I don't propose to put any thousands dollars into it," replied Mr. Bowser.

"You don't? Let's have some more beer, bartender. Why, if you can't put in at least \$1,000, how do you expect to get the play off? I've shown my confidence, and now it's for you to show yours."

Mr. Bowser rose up and walked out and went home. Mrs. Bowser looked up inquiringly as he entered the sitting room and he set down and took up the evening paper, and it was fully ten minutes before he observed that the weather sign pointed to a hard winter.

END. QUAD.

NOT MERELY LIND.

Wherein the Writer Resembled the Man on the Bump.

"That writer," said a publisher, referring to an author who seemed to be sliding away his time, "is in reality trying hard to work, to get his ideas down, but he is stuck."

"He said to me himself that he resembled a man who made a bet one summer day to swim a mile and a half to a certain buoy. The bet was accepted, and the man stripped and plunged in. His friend retired to the shore to watch his progress from the window."

"From the window with a fieldglass the friend saw the swimmer reach the buoy in due course, draw himself up out of the water and sit down comfortably, with his legs dangling over the edge of the pool. But the swimmer was resting, well pleased with his feat."

"Some minutes passed, and the swimmer had not moved. The watcher returned to the shore, and the swimmer was then he looked up, and still the swimmer sat in the same position on the buoy."

"Two hours, two hours went by. Still the swimmer remained. A white, slim figure seen against the oncoming dark, he sat on the buoy's edge. His feet dangled in the sea. He seemed to be musing."

"Finally it began to grow quite dark, and, thoroughly alarmed at last, the watcher called to him. But the swimmer bargained and rowed out to his friend."

"Out there the mystery was soon explained. The man was stuck fast to the lithographs which had been freshly tarred that morning."

MEN OF EARLIER AGES.

Were They the Mental Peers of the Men of Today?

The general idea that our enormous advances in science and command over nature serve as demonstrations of our mental superiority to the men of earlier ages is totally unfounded. The evidence of history and of the earliest monuments alike goes to indicate that our intellectual and moral nature has not advanced in any perceptible degree. In the second place, we find that the supposed great mental inferiority of savages is equally unfounded. The more they are sympathetically studied the more they are found to resemble ourselves in their inherent intellectual powers.

Even the long despised Apollonian savages, among the lowest in material progress, yet show by their complex language, their social regulations and often by an innate nobility of character, indications that they are almost equal in nature to our own. If they possess fewer philosophers and moralists, they are also free from so large a proportion of obnoxious prejudices, superstitions and lunacies as we possess. On the other hand, we find in the higher Pacific types men who, though savages as regards material progress, are yet generally admitted to be physically, intellectually and morally our equals, if not our superiors. * * *

Thirdly, we have no proof whatever that the men of the stone age were mentally or morally inferior to ourselves.—Alfred Russel Wallace in *Fortnightly Review*.

A Curious Grace.

The most curious form, or, rather, expression, of grace after meat which I have ever come across was that customary at Clifford's Inn, one of the vanished inns of chancery. The society consisted of two distinct bodies, each of which was a body of the law, each body having its own table. At the conclusion of the dinner the chairman of the Kentish mess, first bowing to the principal of the inn, took from the hands of the servant some small rolls or loaves of bread and, without saying a word, dashed them several times on the table, after which they were taken away. Solemn silence reigned only by the thumps prevailed during this curious custom for a verbal grace—Cor. London Chronicle.

Instinct and Reason.

Instinct is the generic term for all those faculties of mind which lead to the performance of actions that are adaptive to life. It is a group of faculties without necessary knowledge of the relation between the means employed and the ends attained. Reason refers to those actions that are adaptive in character and that are pursued with knowledge of the relation between the means employed and the ends attained. It is the intellectual statement of the difference between instinct and reason, but the real basic difference between the two faculties is unknown and probably unknowable.—New York American.

It Was a Stage Brand.

Gertrude, aged four, had been to the matinee. Later she tried to do some of the play to a group of friends.

"You drank wine," said Gertrude, "and then they all went out."

"Well," said the friend expectantly, "and who was left?"

Gertrude worked her small brain hard.

"I guess," she said, "they all got out."—New York Press.

THE MEKILN CLUB.

Brother Gardner Talks on Honesty and Truthfulness.

ANANIAS NOT BIGGEST LIAR.

Sure Against Him Unalloyed For Want Any Greater Liar Than Hundreds Who Hadn't Been Found Out, Says Gardner.

[Copyright, 1907, by C. H. Suttle.]

"Before the opening of the meeting's event," said Brother Gardner of the Mekiln club as he stood up in the hall, "Brother Comeback Smith comes and said he was disappointed in the evening," said Brother Gardner in the hall. Jones a dollar and was to have it back in three days, but hadn't got it yet. Brother Walpole came to me and said, 'I am now over sixty years old, and I get up looking for an honest man every night.'"

"At about that time I got up looking for a truthful man."

"Recall to me at that same week I got up looking for a man who'd pay his debts unless obliged to."

"I tell you, my friends, that most of our troubles come from not understanding."



"I WAS HIDEN' BERRIN' A CURIOUS HUSBAND."

human nature better than we do. We don't look at men as they are, but as we wish they were. We don't expect duty to fly by the Ten Commandments when we ourselves are not likely to live of five of 'em."

"I am no particular reason why the whole world shouldn't be honest, but it has happened for the last 2,000 years that it has been lying the older way, and it is 'specious' too much to expect a change. We are all honest up to a certain point, and then we begin to fall out. We seem to get it out of our heads that it is a sort of duty to beat the older man."

"I don't reckon dar was ever a time in his world when everybody spoke of truth. If dar was haven't any record of it, and if we had a record I should think de man who made it was a liar himself. I don't know dat Adam had any right. Ever to Adam, but de lyin' business began soon arter dat was for or five people on earth. I hain't tryin' to explain why folks lie, but yet I know dat if a man should start out in dis day and age to speak nothing but de truth he'd be in his head knocked off befo' noon of de fast day."

"Fact is, we don't want de truth, de whole truth and nothing but de truth. We want de truth and lyin' mixed about half and half."

"Almost every day you read some thing about honesty. It is a word we never could see no justice in. It is wasn't any bigger liar dan hundreds who hadn't been found out, and if he hadn't been he was up to date 'nuff to see dat lyin' was gwine to become popular for all time to come."

"I sorer like to have a liar come to me. If he lies dat gins me a chance to lay back and establish a sort of bond between us. I've neber had de chance to tell you, but it seems to me dat I wouldn't like a person who stuck right by de truth."

Brother Jones Borrowed Money.

"Brudder Jones has come to me and borrowed money and he promised to pay it back by a certain time. He's paid it not because he am not a liar and am too honest to lent me, but he know what would happen if he failed. I should walk over to his cabin, and, old as I am, I should purposed to make his heart ache."

"When I come in contact wid a man I look upon him as a man. I don't look for no wings sproutin' from his shoulders. He was born into a lyin' business, he was up to date 'nuff to see dat lyin' was gwine to become popular for all time to come."

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one man in fifty dat am 'nuff honest, and since when he speaks to a woman, and don't you forget dat she know it."

"Broccers come to me and tell me dat Phebe Smith or Wadsworth Bels has lied to 'em to git credit and dey want his money to help collect de bills. Yes, de brudders lied, but what did de grocer do? He lent 'em as hard as tucked on de price besides. It was simply liar agin liar."

"A few days ago I hired Samuel Kite to work for me a while. He am just as honest as anybody, but I reckoned he would steal at least two of my summer squashes when he went home at night. I was hidin' befo' a currant bush when he went, and he had a squash under each arm. Did I git up and whoop and howl and cry out agin de wickedness of de world? Not any. I knowed human nature and took it as a matter of co'se. Wasn't de least disappointed nor mad about it."

"It was only a few nights ago, I hired Walpole come to me and said to my cabin to tell me dat his wife had been took wid cramps and must have half a dollar to get her to bed. I went over. I didn't fall outer bed on de floor. I didn't fall ober no chairs. Neither did I gin de elder de half dollar, knowin' him for a liar. I 'spects' some such thing, and I had de vinegar and de kyan pepper in de same bottle and waitin' for him. I insisted dat he take de big dose himself, and Mrs. Walpole was around as usual next mornin'."

"I hain't said nuthin' to de elder, and I hain't gwine to. It was a sort of duty for him to be outer a half if he could, and it was my duty to protect myself."

"Ma come to me last week and wanted to sell me a pair of shoes. It was dat man's duty to put out de ringbones and spavins on dat animal and to tell me funder dat he was blind in both eyes and as deaf as a post. Course not. It was my duty to see for myself, and when I had saw I offered to trade him a watch in exchange for his shoes. He wouldn't take it. What was his misin'?"

"We lied to each other, and we parted de best of friends."

"De chickens was layin' mighty fine last week and one day I took three dozen eggs down to de grocery and bought soap and tea. De grocer charged me too much, and I not only slipped a couple of eggs back in de pocket, but three herrings besides. It was a cheat, and I had to be a cheat to match him."

"Size de World Up Right!"

"I hear folks tellin' what a bad world dis am to live in and dat a good man shud sleep. You just aside de world as right and as good as any place as de older folks, and as for de good man—he'd better rub some of it off. Too much goodness is like puttin' a wooden blanket on a horse in a July day. It's hot for de blanket and uncomfortable for de horse."

"I hain't sayin' dat a word agin truth and honesty and general integrity. As long as de world's seemed to have any use for 'em dey was handy things to have round. I was glad to see 'em. I reckon I rather enjoy it when Ebluin' tells me dat he's a good man. I wouldn't for an hour's visit and tries to take de doah mat wid him when he goes. If he was a good man he would be a bad liar. 'Ad he was a good man he would succeed in gittin' de mat."

"I jest look upon men as men."

"If you hain't lookin' for truth and you git a dose of it de surprise will be pleasant."

"Don't expect de big end of de trade. Dat's what de odder fellow is also lookin' for."

"Be reasonably honest and be reasonably truthful, but don't go to braggin' about it or you'll be thought a thief and a liar."

"If you want to pass your last days in de potherhouse, use men as dey ought to be used. You want to pass your last days for breakfast, use men jest as dey use you—wid a little extra exertion throwed in for good measure."

M. QUAD.

Real Sentiment.

"What you need most," said the kind old lady, "is a change of shirt."

"Mebby dat's right, ma'am," replied the unlaundersed boy, "but I ain't de kind you say 't'row down a bosom friend."—Detroit Tribune.

Thoughtful Man.

Mr. Stubb (reading)—Maris, here is a receipt. It's a change of shirt."

"Maris—Grecious! How thoughtful of him to take his umbrella along."—Chicago News.

Best For Him.

"Now," said Professor Goodley, "these questions should perfect you in the rudiments at least. Memorize the rules and do."

"But," interrupted the rich man's son, "you consider the best exercise of memory?"

"Remember the hour!"

Money. Money. \$50,000

TO LOAN on Improved Farm
Lands at a Low Rate of
Interest.

The expenses are the Lowest
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Business strictly confidential.

**INSURANCE
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**TOWNSHIP PROPERTY FOR
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**ALBERTA
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**Good
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REASONABLE RATES.

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Delivers Finest

**LETHBRIDGE
COAL—\$7 ton.**

Good horses and rigs for hire
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Restaurant.**

Rooms for Transients
First Class Meals Served from
6 a. m. till 11 p. m.

Excellent Cigars
Fruit and Confectionery.
W. M. BRANDON.

**Palace
Meat
Market**

Dealers in

All Kinds of Fresh and Salt
Meats.

Highest Cash Price Paid
For Dressed Pork, Poultry
and Hides.

W. M. Brandon.

The Chronicle.

Published at Crossfield, Alta.

Editor—J. Mewhort.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 15, 1908

Notes and Comments.

Medicine Hat wishes to gain notoriety and has taken a rather peculiar way to do it. It appears that the Evangelists Gale and Hatch have gone there for the Hays good and in order to have the evangelists remember them and talk of them in future days, their city officials have held the evangelists up for a seven dollar licence for selling hymn books.

Why cannot some of our gardening community get together and form a Horticultural Society. An annual show and a few prizes offered would help wonderfully in increasing interest in the gardens in town.

Truly this is a wonderful country. Yesterday we went over a garden in town and saw radishes, cauliflower, cabbage and brussels sprouts already showing up well.

Watch Crossfield Grow.

Dr. Bishop Elected.

A meeting of the electors was held on Thursday evening for the purpose of electing a councillor in place of J. A. MacDonnell who has resigned. Dr. G. A. Bishop was unanimously elected to fill the vacancy and with his previous experience in the same capacity, we think the doctor will be well able to fill the bill.

TEMPERANCE MEETING

A united meeting of those interested in temperance work was held on Wednesday night in the Methodist Church, when Rev. W. G. Fortune, Field Secretary for the Alberta Moral and Temperance Reform League delivered an interesting address. The league, which originated in 1902, has about a year ago, had for its object the promotion by educational and aggressive effort the growth of temperance sentiment and habit in our province; to promote temperance legislation in the direction of restraining and ultimately abolishing the traffic in intoxicating liquors; to suppress gambling and other vices; to secure stringent enforcement of our laws, and endeavor to secure the election and appointment of men of good character and ability for public offices. These objects were such as any good Canadian citizen ought to support. One of the results of their efforts had been the decision to close the bar-room at 10 p.m. after July 15th next. This reduction of an hour and a half daily meant a saving to Alberta homes of one and a half million dollars a year. He hoped to see prohibition adopted within the next five years.

The following office-bearers were then appointed for the local branch:—
President—D. A. Thomas.
Secy.—Treas.—Jas. Mewhort.
Committee—D. A. MacCrimmon, Wm. Stuart, Rev. Mr. Coffin and Rev. Mr. Johnston.

CHURCH NOTES.

Methodist Sunday School is held at 2.30 and a preaching service at 3.30 every Sunday afternoon.

Next Sunday afternoon the choir at the Methodist Church will render special Easter music including the anthem "Consider the Lilies" and a solo by A. R. Thomas. Mr. Jones will preach.

Presbyterian Church services will be held next Sunday at 10.30 a.m. in Floral Grove, ... 2.30 p.m. in Crossfield, ... 7.30 p.m.

Subj. "If a man die will he live again?"

Appropriate—Easter music.

On Sunday last the Methodists celebrated the second anniversary of the dedication of the church in Crossfield. Dr. John MacDonnell, the pioneer missionary of Alberta, preached morning and afternoon. The services were both well attended and the doctor's interesting addresses were listened to with both pleasure and profit. The choir rendered excellent service with their solos, anthems and quartettes.

WATCH THE LIPS.

Their Sensitive Muscles Make Them Great Tattle-tales.

"It's a queer thing," remarked the professor, "how people can control their eyes and not their mouths."

The inventor with whom he happened to be talking made the comment that the professor probably meant tongues when speaking of mouths. "No, I didn't," said the professor. "I meant mouths," the professor rejoined. "I mean, if you want to be scientifically accurate, the action of the lip muscles. There's something about them. In a moment of excitement or exaltation, depression or emergency, a telltale movement on their part which can't be guarded against. Why can't it be guarded against? Because it is so largely unconscious. Most of us from our youth up have been trained to use our eyes and to use them in such a way as to conceal our emotions. It's different with the mouth. Perhaps we haven't advanced far enough to do so much important things at the same time. Anyway the fact remains that we don't do it."

"If, for example, I have reason to believe that a man is not telling me the truth I don't give my attention to his eyes. He may look at me as fearfully as he wants. What I watch for is something significant in the action of his face below the nose. If there is no change in the expression of his lips I am disposed after all to believe him. But if there is the least trembling or twitching, the least exhibition, let us call it, of nervousness—well, then, I have my doubts."

"I suppose," observed the inventor, "that while that fact does not explain the wearing of the moustache it shows that the moustache has uses."

"It does," returned the professor, "but you must remember that the moustache, as a rule, doesn't obscure the lower lip. And the lower lip, if you'll take the trouble to notice, is if anything more revealing than the upper one. It is usually that lip which gives the expression to the mouth. The upper lip follows suit, as it were."

"Well, well," said the inventor, "fingering his moustache."

A KING'S UNDRESSING.

The Ceremony Was a Wonderful One in Louis XVI's Time.

In "Memoirs of the Comtesse de Noailles" (1791-1814, edited from the original manuscript by Charles Nicoud), is found the following realistic description of the "coucheur" of Louis XVI.

"The king's coat, waistcoat and shirt were taken off. He stood there naked to the waist, scratching and rubbing himself as if he had been stung. In the presence of the whole court and often many strangers of distinction. The first valet handed the nightgown to the most highly qualified person, to one of the princes of the blood if any were present. This was a right and not a favor. When the king was on his back, whom he was on familiar terms the king would often play tricks while putting it on, stepping on one side to make the holder run after him, accompanying these charming jokes with loud guffaws, which greatly vexed those who were sincerely attached to him. When his shirt was on he put on his dressing gown, while three valets unfasted his waist belt and knee breeches, which he had been asked to do in that garb, scarcely able to walk with these ridiculous fetters, he would shuffle round the circle of those waiting."

When the king had had enough of it, he shuffled backward to an armchair which was pushed into the middle of the room and dropped into it, lifting up his legs. Two nurses on their knees immediately seized his legs, pulled off the king's shoes and let them drop with a crash, which was a point of etiquette. As soon as he heard the noise the usher opened the door, saying, "Gentlemen will please pass out." Those present went away, and the ceremony was finished. However, the person who was holding the candlestick was allowed to stay if he had anything special to say to the king, and hence the value that was attached to this strange favor."

Unlucky Suggestion.

An old vicar, had a groom who had been detected stealing his master's oats. The vicar had not decided what course to take, and meantime the groom had gone to the curate to ask him to plead for him, and the sympathetic young fellow hastened to the rectory to appeal to the vicar. The old vicar heard his curate out, but looked on him as a last resource the curate quoted Scripture as a plea for leniency and said we were taught when a man took our coat to let him take the cloak as well.

"That's true," said the vicar dryly, "and as the fellow has taken my oats I am going to give him the sack."—London Answers.

Elementary Arithmetic.

Judge—What are you? Pat—Eight and fourscore my lord. Judge—And why not fourscore and eight? Pat—Because, my lord, I was eight before I was fourscore—London Answers.

CHAS. HULTGREN,

Notary Public.

JNO. S. DAVIE,

Justice of Peace.

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160 acres 2 1/4 miles from Crossfield, 50 acres broke; all fenced, buildings worth \$500; good well, \$17 per acre, 1000 cash, balance terms.

320 acres 3 1/4 miles from Crossfield; unimproved; \$13.50 per acre, no stones or bush; 300 acres can be plowed at a mile stretch, \$2000 cash, bal. six years at 6 p.c.

Going! Going! Lots on the new C. P. R. addition. A few left at \$50, \$75 and \$100; easy terms. Come early and get a good residence lot at above price.

Exclusive Agents for C. P. R. Townsite.

HULTGREN & DAVIE.

Public Notice.

NOTICE Is Herby Given that in accordance with the provisions of the Irrigation Act, the undersigned have filed the memorials and plans required by Sections 13 and 15 of the said Act, with the Commissioner of Irrigation, at Calgary, Alta.

The applicants apply for the right to divert sufficient water per second from McPherson Convey to fill a small lake on the S. E. quarter of Section 35, township 27, range 1, west of the 5th meridian, for domestic purposes and for the right to construct the necessary works as shown by the plans and memorials filed, to enable the water so diverted to be used for the said domestic purposes, on the following lands, viz:—The S. E. quarter of Section 35 and the N. E. quarter of Section 35, township 27, range 1, west of the 5th meridian.

Dated at Aldrie, Alta., this 20th day of March 1908.

D. J. Collicutt.
J. Stevenson.
Applicants.

m2046

ANNOUNCEMENT.

The Crossfield Creamery Association hereby announces to the public that the Crossfield Creamery will open up for the season on the first day of May next.

By order of the Board.
C. Hultgren, Sec.

LOCAL.

Have you subscribed to The Chronicle yet?

Stereopticon Exhibition on Good Friday.

The Morning Albertan on sale at this office.

Mrs. Lane's daughter, who was glad to report is much improved in health.

W. G. Hunt of Calgary, was in town this week in the interest of the Massey-Harris Co.

When Miss Bessie Oldaker and Mary Hall-Brown were riding a horse on a path out of Mr. Hall-Brown's garden, the clothes wire caught on the horn of the saddle and caused the horse to take to flight. The girls were thrown to the ground but fortunately unhurt. The wire fence around the house was knocked down and the horse ran down towards Main Street carrying with it seven or eight feet of post attached to a considerable length of wire which became entangled on the horn of the saddle.

Bulls in the Graveyard.

The kirkyard was full, and a brand new cemetery was laid out. Sandy McTavish, looking over it with Andrew Bruce, protested that it was "too continental" in style. "I'd rather see than be buried in a spot," he declared. Andrew was less difficult to please. "Well, it's the veru veru wif me," he said, "for I'll be buried anywhere else if I'm spared."

Ungratefulness is the very poison of manhood.—Sidney.

LOCAL MARKETS.

Potatoes, per bushel	40 c.
Wheat, No. 1, red, bus.	50 c.
Wheat, No. 2, red, bus.	45 c.
Wheat, No. 3, red, bus.	40 c.
Wheat, No. 4, red, bus.	35 c.
Feed wheat, bus.	35 c.
Flax, bus.	75 c.
Oats, bus.	25 c.
Barley, bus.	35 c.
Eggs, doz.	15 c.
Butter, lb.	25 c.

Jas. McCool

ISSUER OF
MARRIAGE LICENSES
and
AUCTIONEER.

Any orders left at the Chronicle office will be promptly attended to.

C. W. MOORE,

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
NOTARY PUBLIC
Will attend Crossfield Court on May 22nd
Carstairs, Alberta.

Dr. LARGE,
Dentist, Carstairs,
Will be at the Alberta Hotel, Crossfield,
Every Thursday.
AT CARSTAIRS OFFICE
Every Day, except Wednesday and Thursday.

T. T. McKee & Co.

Beg to announce that they intend to open an up-to-date
JEWELRY STORE
In Crossfield, on or about the 20th of April.

Keep your watch and jewelry repairs for our coming.

MARTIN & BRAND.

Taxidermists,
Buy and Sell All Kinds of Furs.
All orders promptly attended to
CROSSFIELD.

G. W. Boyce

**Practical Painter
And
Paperhanger**

Kalsomining, Tinting,
Graining, Gilding, Glazing,
And all kinds of Painting.

Agent for
**The
EMPIRE
WALL-PAPER**

Now is the Time
to bring your
PLOWSHARES
To
Walter Bradley
to be fitted up.

G. T. JONES—Cattle branded on left ribs. Split in both ears. 101y.

Mr. Farmer

Did you ever examine an old disc drill? Well, you will find on an old drill that when the bearings in the disc are worn out the rest of the drill is just about as good as ever. Before you buy that new drill come up to our warehouse and see the new arrangement on the new McCORMICK to take up this wear. The new bearing will Last a Lifetime. The new box is practically dust proof.

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A Sample Copy of Ropp's Calculator can be seen at this office

We are also in a position to offer the Weekly Free Press, The Chronicle and the Herald and Star, of Montreal, three first-class papers, for only \$2.25.

Graphic Story of the Development Of Alberta.

By Rev. Dr. McDougall.

Continued from Last Week.

Development in Stock Raising.

Closely connected with agriculture are the stock raising and dairying industries. In 1884 the writer brought the first dairy stock into Alberta north of Fort Edmonton. These consisted of four cows and a bull, and he had driven them from the Red River valley.

In the autumn of 1873 again the writer brought from Edmonton north into the Bow valley, the first dairy cattle ever brought into Southern Alberta. These all told numbered, young and old, some twelve head. In 1875, there may have been in Alberta 2,000 head of cattle and perhaps 25,000 horses, mostly cayuses. In 1903 there were in Alberta 226,534 horses, 950,000 cattle, 154,226 sheep and 114,623 swine. The writer is safe in saying that no part of this great Dominion is as well adapted by Nature for the purpose of stockraising as Alberta. This was in Canada the great pasture land of the countless herds of buffalo and also the innumerable flocks of antelope. These fulfilling their mission and passing away, made room for domestic stock. Horse consumption, British Columbia and the Yukon and the British Isles have furnished the markets. Recently the United States opened its doors and many Alberta raised stock went to Chicago. Some of the finest cattle, horses, sheep and swine in the world are now in the stables and fields and ranges of Alberta. One has but to attend the annual fairs to see this fact. One has but to ride the ranges to know that in this industry the men of Alberta have caught on to the purpose of God when He set Nature to work to produce such a country as this.

Connected with this is the dairying industry. This has grown from nothing in the writer's experience to hundreds of thousands of pounds of delicious butter and cheese, and while here, there has been marvellous progress, still, like all other things in this new land, it is but as yet in its infancy.

Development in Education.

In the matter of education the development in contrast is most striking: In 1862 there was but one school in Alberta.

In 1883 there were but twenty-eight schools between Edmonton and the 49th parallel.

In 1908 Alberta has well up to one thousand schools and two colleges and is now organizing a university. The early settler and missionary, the later immigrant, the territorial government and the provincial government all have been fully alive to this great question and the progress made therein has been most phenomenal.

The Church Growth.

The church growth is also great in contrast. A very little band of missionaries representing the Roman Catholic and Methodist churches in the sixties all located in the central parts of Alberta. For the most of the seventies only two missionaries representing the same two churches in all that big country between Edmonton and the Missouri river. And now in 1908 what have we. Truly, the contrast is very great.

The Roman Catholic church has occupied the province from one end to the other; churches, schools, convents and hospitals are now, in 1908, broadcast through the land. The half a dozen priests have grown into a big diocese and this in turn has overgrown into another in the northern part of Alberta. The little company of Sisters of Charity stationed at St. Albert and Lac la Biche in the sixties is now a multitude of consecrated women serving humanity in schools and convents and hospitals, north and south in Alberta.

The Anglican church with its "lone little man" as its pioneer missionary in 1875 has also grown into two large dioceses in Alberta and from the 49th parallel, even to the 60th, its agents are to the front for God and humanity.

The Presbyterian church has accomplished wonders in the time, coming in as they did as No. 4 in church work in Alberta. They have had a missionary in the Peace River country and now in 1908 their agents are at work from the Pembina river in the north to the southern limits of the province. The colonizing and adventurous spirit of the Scotch Presbyterian, has put them well to the front in this western land.

The Baptists are now in this western land about they have taken hold with much zeal and strenuous vigor, that they have compassed great things in the time. Everywhere in Alberta where there are Baptists, their missionaries are on hand

Remarkable Offer

As we desire to increase the circulation of

THE CHRONICLE

We have decided to offer to send it

To Any Address In Canada
Till the End of 1908

For Only

50 cents

This offer is good Only Until April 21st. After that date the usual charge of \$1 a year will be made. NOW is your opportunity to send the Chronicle to your friends in the East.

to give the people all the privileges and blessings of their own communion.

The Methodist were first upon the scene in this land in 1842. Then after a few years of travel and evangelistic work, this one man returned to England and not until 1855 was his work taken up by two men from Eastern Canada. In 1868 the one man of 1842, and the two men of 1855, has grown into a conference. The agents and missionaries of this conference cover the province in pursuit of the work committed to them. In this case also, the contrast is most marked.

Of the many nationalities and other denominations who have come into Alberta, these also, have carried on their own church work. In this connection we have the Greek Catholic church, the Scandinavian churches, and the Mormon church, all striving to maintain the faith of their fathers and foster its rise in this new land. Truly, the contrast is great. Yesterday the "Third Lodge" and the "Squawda Lodge." To-day the psalms and hymns of worship of many people and tongues in Alberta.

Changes in Government.

The changes in government in Alberta have been rapid and full of contrast. Until 1874 every man was a law unto himself. Tribal war was constant from the Athabasca southward. In the north country the people have been at peace without law for generations.

After 1874 there was the law of Canada as administered by the mounted police. Then this was followed soon by the organization of the territorial government, which had jurisdiction from the western boundary of Manitoba even to the summit of the Rocky Mountains. These powers were most excellent in their administration of government, education, public works and the general maintenance of law and order in this vast territory, were faithfully performed. We believe that in no area so large and just now coming out of the barbarous, lawless condition could there have been found so small a percentage of crime as in Canada's great west during this period.

In 1903 Alberta was created into a province and on September 1st of that year she started out on her autonomic life. While we write, her first legislature is holding its third session.

Great moral and provincial questions are being discussed by an intelligent body of men as can be found in any legislature in our wide Dominion.

In the matter of government the mother government in Canada started her youngest daughter out in life with a magnificent outfit. Surely the contrast is great. A wonderful country up to 1874 without government or order, and now in 1908 a still more wonderful country with one of the best governments in the world and aiming to do better. The quality of the development in Alberta will bring out the contrast clearly: Yesterday, crudity, barbarism, all men nomads; to-day, the settled permanent life, and a modernity of the first water.

Yesterday, a dog train struggling with a single passenger; to-day, a palatial sleeper on a magnificent railway train.

Yesterday, a camp in the snow and

without shelter; to-day a comfortable hotel.

Yesterday, a strenuous time making forty miles in the day as an average in travel; to-day, with ease and in luxury making forty miles per hour.

Yesterday, the whip saw and two men working hard for ten hours and throwing off thirty small boards or planks; to-day the big mill and gang saw cutting 100,000 feet in less time.

Yesterday, a grubbing hoe; to-day, a gang or steam plough and acres of soil turned under.

Yesterday, the little round log school house with its parchment window; to-day, the large many-roomed public school building, stately in its beauty and strong and lasting with its steel and stone.

Yesterday, the service in the buffalo-skin lodge or settlers' shack; to-day, the great cathedral or capacious church and big organ and cultured choir and many hundreds of earnest worshippers.

Yesterday, the small trading post with its closed door and batter being transacted through a small hole in the wall; to-day, the magnificent store with its courteous clerks and everything and everybody from the flaring advertisements to the floor walker, saying "Come and buy."

Yesterday, a little shipment pulled across an empire on a shrieking, squealing, iron horse cart; to-day, immense warehouses, ponderous in their strength of cement and brick and steel and stone, and whose doors are open six days in the week, receiving and delivering the commodities of this day and time.

Yesterday, you strained your eyes beside the flickering campfire or tallow dip; today, natural and manufactured gas and lightning flare give you bright and pleasant light.

Yesterday, Alberta, was without mails or telegraphs or telephones; to-day, Edmonton Lethbridge and all between, and are here beside you, even in your house in Calgary, and with your daily paper and hourly wire and tinkling bell you have all the news, and can whisper across the leagues into your friend's ear.

And thus we might go on in contrast, but some one says the same or part would be true of the future. Yes, but there the occupancy and civilization is held and you glide into the change without wonder. But, in Alberta all this has come to pass in time so short it takes ones breath. Then you stop and think and from what we know you say this is but the glimmering dawn of "The Coming Day."

The first Philatelic Society was founded in Paris in 1865.

\$1,000 in cash has been offered for the Alexanders, Virginia, Postmaster stamp issued in 1845. This shows the non-collector that it pays to collect.

Driven to their wit's end for new sources of revenue, says the Daily Chronicle, the committee of the German Reichstag appointed to discuss the government tax proposals, have decided to levy a tax of two marks on picture post-cards. As 500,000,000 post-cards are annually sent through the German post-office this means a revenue of 10,000,000 marks.

DOLLVILLE'S CELEBRATION



"NOTHING LESS THAN A TOY VILLAGE-A REAL DOLLVILLE"

LITTLE GIRL was thinking. You could tell that by the tiny pucker in her brow. Little Boy wasn't thinking. Indeed, it was very seldom that one found Little Boy thinking; he preferred DOING. You could tell that by the whole-hearted zeal with which he now blew upon his trumpet.

"Wouldn't it be lots nicer, Brother, if all our playthings would 'vent games to 'nuse us instead of our having to think always of something to play with them?"

Little Boy lowered his trumpet and considered. "Yes," said he, "I would; but 'stead of thinking of something that can't come true, let's go to supper."

Neither Little Girl nor Little Boy knew that Anabelle heard; nor did they hear her quietly whisper:

"Can't come true? We'll see about that."

Anabelle, you must know, was the clever-witted French doll. 'T rhaps you may remember how, long ago, she organized the Dollville Gazette, which failed upon the death of its editor, the French dragon. Since that time Anabelle vainly tried to find something notable to accomplish. It was Little

Girl who now furnished her with a suggestion, and a brilliant one at that.

That evening all Dollville was summoned to a meeting of importance. Here it was at last decided to show cosmic mortals how much less they knew about games and plays than did the toys themselves. Yes, the playthings would teach Little Girl and Little Boy really how to play.

All night long the Teddy Bears and the tin soldiers and the dolls and the manikins and even the toy animals deided amid the heave of toys which lay heaped in disorder about the playroom. How they did work! Anabelle seemed to be everywhere, suggesting here, instructing there, until the disorder became order.

Little Girl and Little Boy lay peacefully sleeping, little dreaming of these great preparations for their surprise on the morrow.

Were they surprised? You should have seen this! It was Little Boy who, after breakfast, dashed up the stairs and reached the playroom first. Hand! went his fist against the door, and in he plunged. This, you know, was Little Boy's ordinary way of entering. "Sister! Sister. Come quick too!"

Sister came. And she, too, stood

round-eyed and wondering before the astonishing sight. For built upon the floor was nothing less than a magnificent toy village—a real Dollville! And handsome dolls were walking about, and other man dolls were riding round on horseback, and some there were a motorcar; baby dolls were being wheeled about by their nurses; in tiny shops one could see tiny workmen making toys that were tinier still—oh, it was all too wonderful for anything!

"The playthings are really playing for us—just like you wanted they would!" Little Boy managed at last to gasp.

Little Girl, still too surprised to speak, nodded her head.

And so the playthings continued to play, until Little Girl and Little Boy became Big Girl and Big Boy and the toys were all worn out with their efforts.

"But, where did this happen?" you ask.

In Never-never-land, of course—the country of magic, where no one may new enter who has not the fairy password. Perhaps some time an elf or fairy may whisper it to YOU, and then you'll be as surprised as Little Girl and Little Boy were.

DROPPING A HINT.

RECENT graduate from Harvard was given a confidential clerkship in the office of the president of a large railway system. The young aspirant was not told at what hour he should report; so the first morning he appeared in the office of his chief at 3 o'clock. He found the president hard at work. Nothing was said of the clerk's tardiness. On the second attempt, the clerk presented himself at 8.30, only to find that the president was there ahead of him, working hard. The third day the young man went at 9 o'clock, with the same result. That night as he went home the clerk took counsel with himself, and determined to be ahead of the boss the next morning. Accordingly he arrived at the office at 7.30 the fourth day; but there was the chief working away as he had not left the office at all. As the clerk entered, the president looked at him, and said: "Young man, said he, 'what use do you make of your forenoon?"

Meant to Go Skating.

Little—What did your pa whip you for, Billie?

Billie—S'pose it was 'cause I went swimming!

Billie—Swimming? And in such cold weather?

Billie—Well, I went skatin' first, but I wound up a-swimmin'.

QUEST OF COUNT FREDERIC

He rode as one wrapped in thought and none durst address him.



"UNHAPPYEST of mortals am I," muttered Count Frederic.

This had been the burden of his plaint for many days, for the spirit of the count was sorely vexed. Indeed, there was reason for his unhappiness. The Princess Juliet was beautiful of feature and of character. Not in the whole kingdom could be found her equal in grace and intelligence. Small wonder was it that when, in the very midst of the preparations for her wedding with Count Frederic, she was seized with a fit of malady and died suddenly, the count was plunged the gloom and sadness from which nothing could move him.

That night Count Frederic had a vision. In his dream there appeared the radiant Princess Juliet. Sweetly she smiled upon him, and yet reproachfully she murmured:

"My love, do not mourn so for me. I would see thee happy and contented."

"Alas! where can I find happiness now that thou art gone from me?" wistfully lamented the count.

"But hast thou earnestly sought for happiness?" asked the princess of the vision.

"The princess vanished, leaving Count Frederic more lonely and dispirited than before.

Yet the last words of the princess lingered in his mind. No, he had not sought for happiness; he was sure that happiness could not be for him, the most unfortunate man in all the world. Always with desolation and melancholy he travelled. Mostly, he rode as one wrapped in thought and no one dared address him.

Count was much from which he would have learned. Once in his path there were two lovers, both gay and contented. But when he asked where they had secured happiness, they re-

plied, shaking their heads: "It, we do not know. We did not seek it; it sought us."

And to the huntman, who rode with eagerness to the chase; to the warrior, who plunged into the fray with savage glee; to the peasant woman, cheerfully nursing her babe in an ill-kept cottage—in all these he spoke, and though the answers were courteous, yet they taught him nothing.

By chance, one day he met an old woman, who had met with misfortunes after misfortune. Wonderingly the count besought her to tell him what it was she preserved contentment in the face of such discouragement.

"The truth that I have had great sorrow and trial; but there are so many of those about me who continually need my help that I hardly have time to be unhappy. Indeed, I feel truly thankful when I think how great my joys are when compared with the sufferings of some of my neighbors."

Over and over Count Frederic voyaged in search of a learned sage of whom he had been told.

Entering the rough cave of the wise man, again he put the question:

"Where can I find happiness?" "Thou dost not have to go afar to seek happiness. Seek it within thyself and thou shalt find it."

"But I have tried to find it within my own heart," protested the count, "it is not that I have not willed it to be there."

"Then, my son," kindly advised the sage, "forget for a while thy quest; weary thyself with about thee and thou shalt find, like the old woman, that unhappiness can no longer dwell within thee. Thou shalt soon have within thyself the happiness thou hast long desired."

And so the count went upon his way he pondered over the words of the sage. "Mayhap," he good advice; I'll take it," he quoth he.

Soon, true to the sage's words, unhappiness was banished from the count's heart; the joy which came from doing good, instead, there came a great happiness, which ever increased as he thought that now he had fulfilled the desire of his loved princess.



THE WONDERFUL MIRROR

MANY, many years ago there dwelt with her father and mother in a little village of Japan a tiny maiden. Like a sweet rosebud was she.

After a time the father was called away to visit the king. Since he was the first man of the village to be summoned this was a great honor. But the little daughter, who had never been separated from her father before, became lonely and fearful lest something happen him.

Soon, however, the father returned, bringing with him many handsome presents. Handing a mirror to his wife, he said, "Here is something I believe has never been seen in this village. Look upon it and tell me what you see."

So the wife gazed delightedly upon the beautifully chased silver of the frame, and then she turned to the child.

"Oh! she exclaimed, 'I see the face of a beautiful woman, smiling ever so happily at me.'"

The husband laughingly explained: "The beautiful woman is yourself. A mirror simply reflects whatever is placed before it."

As the wife did not wish to grow vain, she hid the mirror away. Years passed,

The little girl was now a young woman, and so like her mother in appearance that one could hardly tell them apart.

But the mother felt that she must soon die. Calling her daughter, she gave to her the precious mirror, with the words: "My daughter, I fear I must leave you. But whenever you grow lonely, look into this mirror, and you will see my face. May it be a comfort to you!"

And after the mother died, every day the maiden looked into the mirror. And when she smiled, the face in the mirror smiled back at her; and when she sorrowed, the face in the mirror was sympathetic, too.

So, with the face of her mother always before her, the maiden grew as beautiful in character as she was lovely of feature. Till a prince, seeing her, was charmed with her goodness and beauty.

The prince, the Japanese maiden married. Nor was it until the young wife was taken to the magnificent home of the prince that she learned the exact truth about the mirror, and that for years she had been looking steadfastly at her own face.

But it was such a beautiful little deceit that you may be sure she straightway forgave her mother.

GOOD AND BAD AND UGLY AND COOL

There was once a little pussy cat, who was so very, very wicked that she went by the name of Bad. So you can see she had been very naughty, indeed. Nothing was so evil for her to do as to mischievous too daring for her to attempt.

In the picture you will see her sitting at the table, looking at the great weight of the "cuckoo" clock that she has broken. She is so that the milk flows into the saucer which she has broken. She is so that the milk flows into the saucer which she has broken. She is so that the milk flows into the saucer which she has broken.

With milk in her heart she has scratched little for him and causing the little fellow great sorrow. And as these pictures run, downward and upward, the bad girl travels lower and lower in her wicked career. Then she met Good.

There was once a little dangle, who was so very, very good that she went by the name of Good. So you can see

that he must have been very good, indeed. There was no kindness too kindly or troublemaker for him to attempt.

In the picture you will see him looking at the great weight of the "cuckoo" clock that he has broken. He is so that the milk flows into the saucer which he has broken. He is so that the milk flows into the saucer which he has broken.

With milk in his heart he has scratched little for him and causing the little fellow great sorrow. And as these pictures run, downward and upward, the good boy travels lower and lower in his wicked career. Then he met Good.

There was once a little dangle, who was so very, very good that she went by the name of Good. So you can see

Then he met Bad.

Good and Bad looked at one another for a while in silence. Then Bad said: "Do you know, I should like to change places with you for a time just to see how you feel to be good."

"Do you know," should like to change places with YOU, just to see how it feels to be so bad."

All at once the Animal Fairy appeared before them. A wave of her wand, and Good became Bad and Bad became Good.

The little pussy cat who had been so very, very wicked now became as very, very good. She was a delight to all who knew her. Not a single evil trait remained. Instead of scratching her mistress, she would now carry her mistress's shoes and instead of hiding away her time with naughty tricks, she now hunted mice

all day long so that the house and barn was always free of their pests.

In the picture run upward on the page, so that Bad rose higher and higher in her career of wickedness. Just as she grew to love her so that they murdered against the choice of such a name for her; therefore she was cat-erwined Good.

And Good lived in a happy old age, when she died quietly and peacefully. The little dangle who had been so very, very good now became so very, very wicked that she was disliked by all who knew him. Not a single good trait remained. For in-

stance, he would not hesitate a moment to knock a flower pot down on the head of the poor cat. On one occasion he ground off the end of pussy's tail in the coffee. And on another, as the pictures run downward on the page, so Good traveled lower and

lower in his wicked career. People even grew to hate him, so that they murmured against the choice of such a name for him; therefore he was dog-christened Bad.

And so he lived to an old age, when he died painfully and miserably.

And from all of this, for your children, you will be able to tell, my dear ones, which got the better bargain when the fairy waved her wand—when Good became Bad and Bad became Good. Afterward, you know, Good became Bad and Bad became Good. Dear me, this is really passing, isn't it? Just like, "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers!" Of course, Good has always been good and Bad has always been bad; then how is it that Good was Bad and Bad was Good? Dear, dear me! It's growing worse and worse.

But, after all, good must be the best, must it?

The Store of Quality

CHANGE OF OWNERSHIP.

CROSSFIELD, ALTA., APRIL 8TH, 1908.

To My Friends and Enemies,—

I wish to announce that I have sold my business to Mr. William Stuart, of Innisfail, late of Glasgow, Scotland, whom I can recommend to you as a thoroughly reliable and up-to-date businessman.

I bespeak for Mr. Stuart a continuance of your patronage, from whom you will always receive the best of treatment and a Square Deal.

I may further say that Mr. David Rambo will continue on with Mr. Stuart at "The Old Stand." So come right in and get acquainted.

Thanking you for the liberal patronage that you have given me in making this the Most Popular and Best Store in Town.

I remain,

Sincerely Yours,

John A. MacDougall.

All Accounts due me must be settled on or before April 18th, 1908.

With reference to the above notice Wm. Stuart begs to announce that he has taken over the General Store carried on by Mr. John A. MacDougall, and he hopes that by stocking only first-class goods, and selling at moderate prices, he may win and hold the confidence of the public.

A Discount of 10 cents on the dollar will be given on ALL CASH PURCHASES of one dollar and over, up to the end of April.

DO NOT MISS THIS CHANCE OF LAYING IN A STOCK OF HOUSEHOLD NECESSARIES.

WM. STUART, General Merchant, CROSSFIELD.

D. A. MacCrimmon.

Agent for

Massey-Harris Farm Implements.

Sawyer & Massey—

Threshing Outfits.

Road Graders and Scrapers.

Wm. Gray & Son Co. Ltd.—

High Grade Carriages, Etc.

Ontario Wind Engine and Pump Co., Ltd.

Windmills.

The Famous Strickney Gasoline Engines.

Floor Grinders.

Well Drilling Outfits.

Pumps, Etc.

Mason Campbell—

Celebrated Chatham Fanning Mills.

Kitchen Cabinets.

Incubators and Brooders.

Farm Scales.

SNAPS.

We have a few quick bargains in town lots. Jump into the band wagon or you will get left.

160 acres, 8 miles from Crossfield. A bargain. There is a house, barn, granary, well; fenced; 35 acres breaking. Price \$17 per acre; half cash, bal. 12 months.

160 acres unimproved, 5 miles from Crossfield. Price \$12 per acre, \$600 cash, bal. to suit, or will take \$10 cash.

160 acres, unimproved, 8 miles south-west. Price \$14 per acre, \$1500 cash, bal. terms.

160 acre farm, 6 miles west, 32 acres broke, house, stable, all fenced. Price 2000 cash.

P. C. COWLING & CO.,
CROSSFIELD

LOCAL.

That suit at Weber's will suit you.

Crossfield in the Land of Sunshine.

Stereopticon Exhibition on Good Friday.

If you want a wagon that will last get a Studebaker.

Mr. Moore of F. J. Scholefield and Co. of Vancouver was in town to-day.

An entertainment will be given in the O and A. Hall on Friday 17th inst.

Mr. Chambers of Carstairs, paid a business visit to Crossfield on Wednesday.

Ladies Silver Watch, for sale \$4.50. Silver Watch Chain \$1.50. Apply Chronicle Office.

Mr. Williams is busy with his steam-pow outfit, plowing on stubble ground 8 miles S. E. of town.

Mr. Kelloway, travelling for Messrs Campbell, Wilson & Horne, of Calgary, was in town on Wednesday.

Geo. Murton has just purchased from Geo. Becker a manure spreader which we believe is the first brought into this district.

Miss Davis arrived on Wednesday from the south and is going out to her father's place near the Dog Pound.

Mr. MacDougall has now left the "Store of Quality" and while closing up his business affairs in town, he will be found at the office of P. C. Cowling & Co.

If you want Canada's best papers take The Weekly Free Press, The Montreal Herald and Star and The Crossfield Chronicle. The three together for only \$2.00.

Messrs Edwards & Brown have just got in a consignment of high grade McLaughlin buggies and they invite you to inspect them before making a purchase elsewhere.

In order to immediately increase our circulation we have decided, for ten days only, to make a specially attractive offer to the public. For Fifty Cents we will send the Chronicle to any address in Canada for the balance of the year. Remember the name must be received during the next 10 days.

FOOTBALL.

The Crossfield Football Club held a meeting on Monday night at which it was decided to approach the stockholders in town with a request to mutually agree, for the benefit of the clerks and others employed, to close their places of business at 6.30 p. m. at least two nights in the week. The nights suggested will be Tuesdays and Fridays, these being the regular practice nights of the club.

STAMPS IN WRECK.

A telegram from New Bedford states that postage stamps valued at upwards of \$100,000, forming a consignment in process of shipment from New York to Newfoundland, have been washed ashore at the island of Cutty Hunk from the wreck of the steamer Silvia. The stamps are of the current Newfoundland issue, and were being shipped by the American Bank Note company, of New York, to the Newfoundland government. They came ashore several days ago in a single box, which was cast aside by the male wreckers, but was quickly seized by the women. Many sheets of the stamps have been stolen away and some are said to have been sold. They are in two and five cent denominations. One woman is said to have possession of all the five-cent stamps, valued at \$80,000.

AIRDRIE.

Presbyterian services at 7:30 p. m.

Have you subscribed to The Chronicle yet?

Methodist Sunday service at 11 a. m. and 3:30 p. m.

Prayer meeting will be held on Thursday evening.

Frank Williams is going ahead with his steam plowing outfit at Mr. Vincent's place N. E. of here.

Subscribe at once. Chronicle for the rest of the year for 50 c. After the 21st inst. the old rate \$1.00 a year will be charged.

On Wednesday evening the Rev. Mr. Bruce, B. A., B. D. of Olds, gave a very interesting lecture on his "Trip to Palestine." The lecture closed in what might be called a farewell, as Mr. Bruce is preparing to commence missionary work in Rome and will not be in this country very much longer.

Men's Suits Boys' Suits

Furnishings Tailoring

New Hats New Shirts

RIGHT UP TO THE MINUTE.

See Them Examine Them.

SWELL GOODS AT SHRUNK PRICES.

SUITS PRESSED

AT WEBER'S TOGGERY,
CROSSFIELD

STEREOPTICON EXHIBITION

In Ontkes & Armstrong Hall,
Good Friday, April 17th

JAS. DRYBURGH Harnessmaker.

Harness - - Saddles - - Spurs
Trunks and Suit Cases.

Always on Hand a Large Stock of Blankets
and Robes.

Repair Work Promptly Attended To.

CANADIAN ORDER OF FORESTERS

Court Prairie Flower No. 1157

Meets the first Saturday of every month in the O & A hall. Visitors always welcome. For further information write any of the brethren.

Geo. W. Boyce.

C. R.

Johnston McCool.

Rec. Sec.

P. C. COWLING & CO.

Real Estate

Improved and Unimproved Farm Lands,
Stock Ranches and Town Lots.

Insurance and Loans.

Crossfield, Alberta, Canada.

Disc Sharpening.

JOHN FREW

Begs to announce to the public that he has received a Disc Sharpener and will be able to sharpen all sizes of discs.

Ploughshares and all kinds of country work promptly attended to.

FOR SALE.

By private bargain.

Massey-Harris Mower.

Wagon Rack.

Cook Stove and some dishes.

Set National Scales.

For particulars apply to Chronicle Office.

\$5.00 REWARD.

For information leading to recovery of a bay Clyde filly, coming 3 years old, branded OX on left shoulder. I will pay above reward.

J. Cavender.

m284p

Crossfield.

FOR SALE.

Pony, buggy, and harness. Apply to D. D. Widge. Sec 5, T. 29, R. 27 W. 4th, or inquire of Merrick Thomas, Crossfield.

G. T. JONES—Cattle branded 7 on left ribs. Split in both ears. 517.

Crossfield Drug Store

For Your Stationery and all
Medical Supplies.

MERRICK THOMAS.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

A meeting of the patrons of the creamery, Crossfield, will be held in the Creamery on Saturday April 18th at 7 p. m.

Contracts for drawing the cream for this season will be let. Also Mr. Marker will address the meeting.

All interested are requested to be present.

By order of the Board.
C. Hultgren, Sec.

APPROVAL SELECTIONS.

The contents of several large collections are now offered the patrons of our approval department at 50 per cent and net prices.

PHILATELIC SOCIETY REFERENCE REQUIRED

MONTREAL STAMP CO.

Box 773,

MONTREAL, QUE.

Crossfield Hairdressing and Shaving Parlor.

Robert Cronkhite, Proprietor.
Treatment of Pimples and Dandruff a
Specialty.
CHARGES MODERATE.

LAND FOR SALE.

Three Quarter Sections, Sec. 11-28-1 W. of 5th, For Sale. All or in part, also some good Milk Cows, fresh, soon.

For terms and particulars, apply to—

Jas. Stuart,

Sat. 4p.

Crossfield.

FOR SALE

Registered Hereford Bull.

Price. \$40.

J. Cavender.

Crossfield.